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# LINCOLN LEAGUE

A COLORED ODDITY IN ONE SCENE

BY  
B. C. RAWLEY

DICK & FITZGERALD  
PUBLISHERS  
18 Ann Street, New York

## PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

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NEW YORK  
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18 ANN STREET

# The Lincoln League.

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## CHARACTERS.

HON. BROMO SELZER.....*President of "The Lincoln League"*  
BUNKER HILL PENN.....*Grand "Sekertary"*  
POKERDEMUS HUNKERS.....*Holder of the "dough bag"*  
CAESAR AUGUSTUS ADAMS.....*A would-be boss*  
SMOKE STACK.....*Door-keeper, janitor and official bouncer*  
ALEXANDER HOPTON JONES..*President of the Boot Blacks Union*  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN HOBSON..*President of the Pullman Porters Club*  
HANNIBAL LEE JACKSON..*Secretary of the Waiters Tipping Trust*  
JOHN QUINCY ROOSYVELT.....*Of the Elevator Lifters' Combine*  
RUBE CHRISTY BAKER.....*Of the Barbers Union*  
GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR...*Of the Whitewashers Brigade*  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS SMITH.....*A mule driver*  
GOODRICH BROWN.....*The people's candidate for Alderman*

TIME.—The Present.

LOCALITY.—Anywhere.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About one hour if played straight.

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

All the characters are black-face, with the exception of GOODRICH BROWN.

The costumes should be extravagant and ludicrous. Try to make the characters strikingly different, as the best part of the fun can be brought out in the action.

## INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Matches and duster for SMOKE. Cigars for ADAMS. Note book, cigars with bands, long roll of paper for PENN. Bills for TAYLOR and SMITH. Drum beats and chain rattle off stage.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; D. R. C., door in right center rear flat; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left. UP means towards back of stage; DOWN, toward foot-lights.

# The Lincoln League.

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SCENE:—*Assembly-room of "The Lincoln League."* Plain room backing; walls hung with flags, streamers, mottoes, etc. D. R. C. to smoking-room, doors R. and L. President's desk and chair up c. Books, gavel and blank book on desk. Chairs R. of desk for secretary and L. of desk for treasurer. Two chairs in front of desk, two in front of secretary and two in front of treasurer; single chair DOWN R. and one DOWN L. DISCOVERED SMOKE dusting and arranging room.

SMOKE (*dusting vigorously*). I s'pose ebberyt'ing got ter shine here dis ebenin', cause to-night am de annibersary ob dis league, whateber dat is. I jess s'pect dar's sumfin' good to eat goes wif it, an'—an' dat's 'bout all I care 'bout it. (*Stops as if in sudden thought*) An' I jes' s'pects dar's gwine ter be heaps ob trouble, too. Dat man Adams he 'pears to be audashious narbous 'bout sumfin'. (*Suddenly starts dusting*) Well, let dem worry what's got sumfin' ter worry 'bout. (*Loud knock D. L.*)

ADAMS (*off D. L.*) I say Smoke—Smoke!

SMOKE. Golly, speak ob angels an' you heah deir wings flutterin'. (*Louder*) Don't puff no moah. Smoke is heah.

ADAMS. Let me in!

SMOKE (*continues dusting*). Help yo'self.

ENTER ADAMS D. L., angrily.

ADAMS (*stops and glares at SMOKE*). Well!

SMOKE (*still dusting*). Yes mostly, 'ceptin' a little hay fever.

ADAMS. Abbreviate dat jokin', man. Yo' better recognize your position an' keep right dar. Am I de fust gemmen to ar-ribe dis ebenin'?

SMOKE (*still busy*). No, I wuz heah first.

ADAMS. How long do you intend to 'lucidate in dis manner? Do you realize who you'se talkin' to? Why, man, you'se de janitor.

SMOKE (*quickly*). Yes. dat's my number.

ADAMS. Well, den don't try to multiply yo'self, and jes' al-

low me to add dat in de division of your duties, you'd bettah subtract yo'self from buttin' in on all occasions. (*Walks proudly back to the president's desk; about to sit in chair*)

SMOKE (*rushes back, stops him, by sitting there himself*). I'm sorry, sah, dat in de division ob my duties, one ob de mos' painful ones am to subtract you from occupyin' dis honorable chair.

ADAMS (*fiercely*). Who forbids me?

SMOKE. De janitor ob de Lincoln League. (*Goes DOWN, bows low*)

ADAMS (*c., suddenly cooling off*). I think I understand, I snuffed trouble before I came in.

SMOKE (*grins*). Yes, I beliebe I heard you yell Smoke fro' de key-hole.

ADAMS. Now look heah, Smoke, you can't git my goat nohow. Jess lissen once to me. I know you are wise to de wide open trouble dat am brewin' to-night. I mean to show up dat guy Selzer or bust dis League. Does you understand?

SMOKE. Yes, sah, an' I also understan' dat you'se got sumfin' ter bust. (*Walks away about his work. ADAMS watches him disgustedly*)

ENTER JONES, HOBSON, JACKSON, ROOSVELT and BAKER, D. L., engaged in conversation; do not see ADAMS or SMOKE.

JONES (*backing in*). Dat's jes' what I think, gemmen. We's got to hang together to git de coin. If we don't, what's de use of our unions and combines. An' I, for one, shall insis' in ebbery instance dat we git ebbery cent dat's comin' to us, an' as much moah as de good people wants to slip wif it. Dat ain't graft, brudders, dat's good common sense. (*Backs into ADAMS, turns about quickly*) Oh, I beg youh pahdon, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. Oh, dat's all right, Jones. I believe you'd walk all ober anybody foh dat almighty dollah youse so interested in.

HOBSON (*laughing*). He's a little unsteady now kase he's full of clam chowder and politics.

JACKSON. To say nuffin' ob de gin. (*ALL laugh*)

ROOSVELT. You look worried, Adams. Anything special dis ebenin'?

BAKER. Yes, what's up?

ADAMS (*talking confidentially*). Lissen, gents! You realize dat de Lincoln League allus figgers prominently in de fight for Alderman in dis ward. You also know dat our President Selzer am promotin' Goodrich Brown foh de job. Again you also know dat de white politicians do considerable missionary work

for de popular cullud vote. Now den, de question am—will you let Selzer pull you foh Brown, or will you follow me and git de coin?

SMOKE (*aside*). By golly, if dey follow him dey'll git six months.

ADAMS. What's de answer, gemmen?

JONES (*clearing throat*). As president ob de Boot Black's Union I must confess dat we allus "shine" on such occasions. (ALL *cheer*) But ob course we mus' admit dar ain't no patent leather shine dat appeals to us like de shine ob silber and gold.

ADAMS. Now for Hobson's choice.

HOBSON (*straightening up*). As de mos' influential membah ob de Pullman Porter's Club, I do not hesitate to state dat a few extra dollahs always makes a much easier berth for de tired traveler.

ADAMS (*laughing*). Dar ain't no cobwebs in youh "upper section" Hobson. Am you wif us Jackson?

JACKSON. Why, how ridikerlous for you to s'pose dat a membah of the "Tipping Trust" could shut his eyes to de glitter ob coin. Show us de man wif de dollah, an' we gits it, dat's all. (ALL *cheer*)

ADAMS (*looking at ROOSYVELT*). And now, John Quincy?

ROOSYVELT. Yes, sah. Yo' see de "ups and downs" ob de "Elevator Lifters Combine," ob which I am de representative, am so berry numerous dat if dere is an extra dollah in sight, we's goin' up after it an'—an' we generally comes down wif it. (ALL *cheer*)

ADAMS (*rubbing hands*). Gemmen, dis agreeableness am surprisin'. Ob course you are in, Baker?

BAKER (*quickly*). De Barber's Union hab always "cut" its way to de front. Ob course dar habe been many close shaves, and some hair-breadth escapes, but we generally is pretty keen on de extras. Yes, sah, we is unanigous for all de "extras." (ALL *hurrah*)

SMOKE (*partly aside*). Some grafters, I guess. Jes' wait till de other side comes ober wif a few "extras."

ADAMS (*turning quickly to SMOKE*). What's dat?

SMOKE. I said we's all agreed on de extras.

ADAMS. I think we are all agreed dat any extra pains you take to keep out ob dis conversation will be appreciated, sah. (*Starts over toward others*)

SMOKE (*at work*). I hope dat youh appreciation won't cause me any "extra" pains.

ADAMS (*ignoring SMOKE*). Gemmen, I cannot oberlook youh

generosity wifout some reward. (*Takes handful of very long cheroots from pocket*) Dese are some choice smokes from de opposition headquarters. I think dey call dem "Ole Hickory Splits." (*Hands cigars to men*)

SMOKE. Golly, de name soun's purty tough.

ADAMS (*turns to SMOKE*). Just to show you dat I don't min' what you say and dat dere is no gruge between us, Smoke, I offer you one, and I hones'ly hope as you enjoy its delicate aroma dat you will 'member de giver.

SMOKE (*takes cigar quickly, and as he sees others preparing to light cigars, he stops them*). Gemmen, I mus' be perticlar 'bout de orders. Section eleben ob de by-laws done say dar shall be no smokin' in dis room. (*Stepping back to D. R. C.*) De rules and regumulations require me to invite you to de smokin' room.

ADAMS. Dat's right, gemmen, I'd entirely forgot dat rule. Now if you will join me, we'll fix up funder plans for de campaign. (*ALL but SMOKE EXIT D. R. C.*)

SMOKE (*coming down to c., looking curiously at cheroot*). Ole Hickory Splits! (*Laughs*) Mebbe it will, but I'll bet it won't burn. I guess de rules and regumulations don't stop de janitor from smokin' in dis room, so I'll tackle dat split. (*Puts cigar in mouth, and attempts to light same, making ludicrous faces in puffing*) Dey orter pull votes all right by de way dey pull on de back ob my neck. (*Makes another attempt to light, as before*) I guess by de time I gits dis lit, I'll habe plenty ob time to remember de giver. (*Lights another match*) I wonder how dem other ginks are enjoyin' deir Hickory Sticks. By golly if dey don't decide to split dir tickets—(*Burns finger*) Gee, I should worry—(*Throws away match*) an'—an' light anudder match. (*Lights another match and finally lights cigar,—takes a few big puffs and blows out considerable smoke*) Golly, dat's some aroma—smells more like punk dan hickory. (*Begins dusting again, and is puffing hard on the cigar, filling the room with smoke*)

ENTER HUNKERS and PENN D. L., not seeing SMOKE.

PENN (*as they enter*). I tell you, Hunkers, we've got de rascal on de run like a skeered 'possum, an'—an' when we git him treed, (*Slaps HUNKER on back*) we'll smoke him out wif Brown's campaign extras. (*Snuffs*) Whew, what's burning?

HUNKERS (*holding nose*). Smells powerful like garbage.

SMOKE (*blows out smoke and coughs*) Better bring youh



'possum in heah, if you want him properly smoked. (*ALL laugh*) I'se jes' smokin' dis to please a friend. (*Takes puff*) Ob course, it may be my las' smoke, (*Another big puff*) but you know, gemmen, many a moke has laid down his life for a friend.

HUNKERS (*holding nose again*). Murder!

SMOKE (*blowing out more smoke*). No, suicide.

PENN. Who's youh friend, Smoke?

SMOKE. Adams! He's passin' dem out from opposition headquarters, if you know whar dat is.

PENN (*striking HUNKERS on back*). Good!

SMOKE (*looking at cigar, disgusted*). No, dey's bad!

PENN. No, Smoke, you habe given us a clue. You see dar is a split in de party.

SMOKE (*holding up cigar*). Yes, dat's one ob 'em. Split free times foh a nickel. An'—an' dere's moah ob dem in de smokin' room.

PENN (*quickly to HUNKERS*). Jes' as I s'pected—Adams is heah wif de gang. He's tryin' to oust Selzer, fustly because he favors Goodrich Brown for alderman, secondly, an' mos' auspiciously he's puttin' up a holler 'bout bribery, slandery, larceny, et cetera, and so forth.

HUNKERS (*rubbing hands*). Dat's de game, suah. (*Calling SMOKE down*) Does you realize, young man, dat de opposition is now caught in a trap?

SMOKE (*curiously*). I thought you wuz chasin' him up a tree?

HUNKERS. Chasin' who?

SMOKE. Why, dat—dat 'possum you was chasin' when you come in.

HUNKERS (*quickly*). Do you realize dat you habe been bribed by de opposition. When you accepted dat cigar you was bribed, sah, do you understand?—bribed, sah.

SMOKE. Well, whatebber dat is can't be no wurser dan de cigar.

PENN (*taking note book from pocket and writes, talking as he writes*). Janitor accepts bribe from opposition. Caught wif de goods which sholy goes to show dat de party splits are—are—

SMOKE. Hickory—free for five cents.

PENN (*not noticing, writes and reads*). Hickory, three—(*To SMOKE*) Say what are you talkin' about? (*Writes and reads*) De party splits are getting purty numerous, and dat dere are others—are others—

SMOKE. In de nex' room, smokin' splits.

PENN (*reads and writes*). In de nex' room—(To SMOKE) Oh, go on. (*Reads and writes again*) Dere are others, implicated, if dey— (*Scratches head as if thinking*) if dey—

SMOKE. Don't git sick an' die.

PENN (*writes and reads again*). If dey tells de trufe will say dat—dat—

SMOKE. Dem is de rottenest cigars dey eebber smoked. (*Blows out smoke, and throws stub of cigar out R.*) Good-bye friendship.

PENN (*angrily putting book in pocket, glances at SMOKE*). You make me sick.

SMOKE. I'll bet 'twuz de cigar. Cheer up, I just chucked de stub.

PENN (*laughing, slaps SMOKE on back*). Smoke, you are certainly berry clever, an' I don't min' lettin' you in on ouh little secret.

SMOKE (*pointing R.*). Well, I jes' broke off wif one friend, but—but I'se allus lookin' foh improvements. (PENN *takes cigar with fancy band from pocket. SMOKE backs off*)

PENN. .Don't be s'picious. Dat's de bes' cigar in town. (*Takes more from pocket, gives one to HUNKERS*) Those are "Extras."

SMOKE. Did you say "Extras?"

PENN. Yes, sah. (SMOKE *laughs heartily*) Well, what's de joke?

SMOKE (*laughing*). Say, dat gang in de smokin' room is lookin' foh all de "Extras." (*Points to D. L. C. Cheers are heard off L., as of demonstration on street; finally sound of drums beating time*)

HUNKERS. Does you heah dat? Political meetin' foh Goodrich Brown ovah on de nex' street.

PENN (*going close to SMOKE*). Now lissen, boy. To-night in ouh banket hall dere's gwine to be a gran' chicken-pie supper; wif all de fixin's.

SMOKE (*points to cigar*). An'—an' some "Extras?"

PENN. Suah! But youh duties to-night as bouncer will be very heavy.

SMOKE. Do I also eat?

PENN. Ob course, when de propah time comes, but what I wants to press on youh min' is dat nobody gits inter dat room, nobody eats 'less he 'tends to vote foh Goodrich Brown. Do you understan'?

SMOKE (*puzzled*). I do, an' I don't. Now, s'pose when de fust hungry niggah comes to dat door I say "hol' on, you, youh

a Brown man?" an' he say "no, you fool niggah, I'se a brack man"—an' den he punches me in de jaw and passes right in.

PENN (*carelessly*). You am not supposed to let dat happen. When yo' applied foh dis job dar was no impossumbilities mentioned. (*Music and cheers heard off L. as before. Drums beat time*)

ENTER TAYLOR and SMITH, D. L., *arm in arm, stepping to time of the music.*

TAYLOR and SMITH (*stop suddenly L., on discovering others, still arm in arm*). Hurrah for Brown!

SMOKE (*aside*). Good. Dey count two for me at supper time. I don't get no punch in de face offen dem.

TAYLOR and SMITH (*each hold out folded paper*). We's got our bills.

PENN. Oh, yes, yes. (*Takes bills, opens TAYLOR's*) De Lincoln League debtor to George Washington Taylor for fifty chickens.

SMOKE (*aside*). Yum, yum, I hope I libs to pick dem bones.

PENN (*reads SMITH's bill*). De Lincoln League debtor to Christopher Columbus Smith for haulin' three crates ob chickens. Gemmen, you solemn swear an' testify dat dese are true statements, an' dat dere was positively and surely fifty chickens, an' dat you hab gibben de exact figgers in ebbery instance? (*TAYLOR and SMITH eye each other suspiciously*)

TAYLOR (*stammering*). Ob-c-c-course I couldn't state positive 'bout de number ob chickens, k-kase it was a powerful dark night, an'—an'—an' dey was roostin' high—

SMITH (*interrupts*). An'—an' I had to dribe de ole mule so fas', dat—dat, ob course some chickens mought hab got spilled out behin', b-b-but we's mighty certain dar mus' been at leas' forty-nine. (*SMOKE snickers*)

PENN (*eyeing SMOKE suspiciously; quickly*). De reports am entirely sassafractory. (*Takes pencil from pocket, writes on each bill*) I will place my O. K. on dese bills and Brudder Hunkers will pay de same.

TAYLOR and SMITH (*take bills, both look at same, and speak at once*). What's dem O. K.'s mean?

HUNKERS (*sees that PENN is puzzled for an answer*) O. K., why, dat means dat you git "Only Kash."

PENN (*breathing easier*). Yes, ob course, an' dat's jes' what you wanted.

SMOKE (*aside*). Dey ought ter git at least thirty days.

HUNKERS. Now, gemmen, you jes' come in de nex' room, an' we'll close dis matter right up. (HUNKERS and PENN EXIT D. R. C., followed by TAYLOR and SMITH, who are still arm in arm. More music mingled with cheers heard off L.)

ENTER SELZER, D. L.

SELZER (*at D. L., looking off*). Dat's right boys! Whoop it up for Brown. He's a sure winner. (*Turns, sees SMOKE, takes cigar from pocket, offers it to SMOKE*) Good ebenin', Smoke, hab a smoke? (*Laughs*) Ah, dat's a joke.

SMOKE. Keep it den. I'se already enjoyed one joke.

SELZER. No, dis cigar ain't no joke. When I said Smoke hab a smoke—dat was de joke. (*Laughs*)

SMOKE (*points to cigar*). Den dat ain't no joke?

SELZER. Ob co'se not.

SMOKE (*puzzled*). An' I ain't no joke?

SELZER. Suah not!

SMOKE. Well, den what's de joke?

SELZER. Now, it's like dis. When I said Smoke hab a smoke, I used ambigerous language, so to spoke. You see de cigar is a smoke, an'—an' yo' is a Smoke, bofe alike, you see.

SMOKE. Yes, dat is not perfectly plain.

SELZER. Now watch me close. (SMOKE *does so*) For here's whar de joke comes in. I say "Smoke, hab a Smoke." (*Laughs heartily*)

SMOKE (*walks away disgusted*). Enjoy yo'self. (*Turns around quickly, sees SELZER still smiling, comes back angrily, pointing to cigar*) I thot you sed dat Smoke wasn't a joke.

SELZER (*impatiently*). It ain't, sah.

SMOKE (*snappishly*). Well, den, I must be de joke. (*Looks all around*) Dey's a joke here somewhar.

SELZER. Heah, Smoke, take dat cigar. (*Forces it into his hand*) Smoke it! Den if youh brain-box don't operate, come to my offis nex' Tuesday an' I'll explain de joke.

SMOKE (*curiously turning cigar over and over*) Am dat one ob dem campaign "Extras?"

SELZER (*cautiously*). Sh! Sh! not so loud. If Goodrich am elected de Lincoln League gits dem cigars free gratis foh nothin' foh six months.

SMOKE (*imitating SELZER*). Sh! Sh! Does you know what we gits if de other feller am elected?

SELZER (*curiously*). No, what? (SMOKE *laughs heartily*,

*doubles up, finally ends with slapping SELZER on the back*) Well, I don't see de joke.

SMOKE (*fairly yells with laughter*). Neither did I, but dat is whar de joke comes in.

SELZER. What joke?

SMOKE (*grinning*). Why, when I sez "Mr. Selzer hab a Hickory Split."

SELZER. I don't see de joke yet.

SMOKE. Now lissen. When I say dat—what I sed—why, you jes' smoke de Hickory Split, den—den if your brain-box don't buzz,—you (*Laughs*) you come to my offis nex' Tuesday, an' I'll explain de joke. (*Walks away and begins arranging chairs, etc.*)

SELZER (*watches him in disgust for a second, pulls out watch noticing time*). Hab any other membahs ob de Lincoln League yet arribed?

SMOKE. Yes, sah, all in de smokin' department.

SELZER (*walks back to president's desk*). Please inform dem dat de auspishus moment hab arribed to call de meetin'.

SMOKE. Yes, sah!

[EXIT D. R. C.]

SELZER (*standing at desk as if thinking, finally*). I s'pect dat man Adams am gwine to make trouble to-night. He's 'dignant kase I started de 'vestigation 'bout graft, but I'se reckonin' dat de chicken-pie to-night will remove all doubtful objections. Dar's sumfin' 'bout chicken dat binds togedder de hearts ob de colored fraternity in one fond embrace. An' den, dar's Brown, he's promised to drop in dis ebenin' and offer a few words for de good and welfare ob de order. (*Talking and laughing heard in smoking room*) Dat's Adams now—but jes' wait till I s'prise dem wif dat chicken-pie.

ENTER SMOKE *from D. R. C., followed by JONES, ADAMS, HOBSON, JACKSON, ROOSYVELT and BAKER. ALL salute on seeing SELZER, except ADAMS. They take seats as follows:—JONES and HOBSON two chairs L., JACKSON and ROOSYVELT two chairs R., BAKER, single chair R. ADAMS walks over to front L., and remains standing facing audience. SMOKE goes to front R., and stands waiting further orders.*

SELZER (*taking seat behind desk, raps with gavel*). De Lincoln League please come to order.

ENTER PENN and HUNKERS D. R. C., *salute SELZER and take their places at desk. They are followed by TAYLOR and*

SMITH, *still arm in arm, who salute SELZER and then take places in two chairs c. sitting as close as possible.*

SELZER. Mr. Janitor, you may chain de outhah doah.

SMOKE (*goes c. makes extravagant bow, EXITS D. L., rattles chains outside, finally returns, makes bow again*) De door am chained 'cordin' to youh worthy ordahs.

SELZER. Our worthy sekertary will call de roll.

PENN (*takes blank book from desk*). Selzer.

SELZER. Youh worthy president am heah.

PENN. Hunkers.

HUNKERS. Present.

PENN. Adams.

ADAMS (*savagely*). Heah.

PENN. Stack.

SMOKE. I wuz here fust.

PENN. Smith.

SMITH and TAYLOR (*both raise hands and answer at once*). Guilty. (*Everybody turns and looks at them quickly, finally resume original positions*)

PENN. Jones.

JONES. Present, sah.

PENN. Hobson.

HOBSON. Heah, also.

PENN. Jackson.

JACKSON. Ditto.

PENN (*laughing*). Elevator Roosyvelt.

ROOSYVELT (*quickly*). Going up.

PENN. Baker.

BAKER. Always heah.

PENN. And youh sekertary am heah also. (*Replacing book on desk*)

SELZER. Am glad to see de attendance so full dis ebenin'.

SMOKE (*aside*). I'se sholy seen 'em fuller.

SELZER. Worthy janitor, please reques' Brudder Adams to occupy a chair. Dey's all free to membahs in good standin'.

SMOKE (*walks over to ADAMS*). Mr. Adams, de orders am foh you to sit.

ADAMS (*quickly*). Well, if I'se in good standin' I prefur ter stan'. (SMOKE *returns*) An' I make a motion right now dat I be allowed to stan'.

SELZER. Does I hear any support to dat motion? (*ALL look from one to the other, but no one speaks, ADAMS glares at them*) I done declare de motion lost.

ADAMS. While I'se on my feet I'se gwine to make anudder

motion, an' dat am namely: Dat de committee on graft investigation report at once forthwif, right *NOW*. (*ALL appear uneasy*)

SELZER. Does I hear any support to dat motion? (*Everybody uneasy as before, but no reply*) I declare de motion lost ag'in.

ADAMS (*angrily, turns on rest*). Wha's de matter with you mokes? Has I got to secon' my own motions to get dem before de house? Wha' you s'pect I makin' motions for?

SMOKE (*aside*). Nothin'.

PENN (*rises, clears throat*). Mistah president, de committee am ready to report now.

SELZER. Den now am de accepted time.

ADAMS. I see my motion finally pervails, so I'll occupy a chair. (*Sits in single chair L.*)

PENN (*still standing, unrolls long paper*). Brudders and membahs ob de Lincoln League, youh investigatin' committee, ob which I am de honored chairman, does hereby submit its solemn report. We ob course realized from de instep dat it was a bery broad subje' to considah, knowin' dat many brilliant men ob de white suashion was divided in deir 'pinions, so we say what a white man don't know shouldn't bodder de colored man, an' jes' den when we was 'bout to gib up an' say "we don't know wha' dis graft is," we looks in de dickshunary, an dere it is plain as de nose on youh face, so we decided unanigusly dat anybody dat don't know what graft is, should look in de dickshunary on page leben hunderd sixteen. Dis report am darfore submitted hones'ly and truly, widout respec' to persons or color. Bunker Hill Penn, Chairman. (*ALL cheer except ADAMS*)

ADAMS (*grouchily*). I move dat de report be referred to de waste basket.

HUNKERS. Am dere any more remarks? (*Pause, no one replies*) Gemmen, I cannot refrain frum makin' speshul mention ob dis berry excellent report, and I think you all agree dat it gibs us a great insight into dis magnanimus question dat am to-day bodderin' de human race. I am powerful glad to see dat our colored organizations and combinations am so well represented heah to-night, and I feel 'sured, gemmen, dat after hearin' dis report, you realize dat dere is no graft in your borders. (*Cheers*) Gemmen, hab you anything moah to offer?

JACKSON. I feel jes' like bobbين' up an' sayin' amen, an' I know dat I voice de sentimunt ob de other organizations, when I say dat in all ob my seberal years' 'sperience as a waiter, I nebber accepted a tip dat didn't come from de fulness ob de giver's heart, dat's all. (*Sits down quickly, amidst cheers*)

ADAMS (*gruffly*). I s'posed mos' ob dem tips gene'lly come frum de fullness ob de pocket-book. (*No one seems to pay any*

attention; he finally jumps up) Say, it begins to look like yo' mokes is all tryin' to make yo'selves out angels. But, beliebe me, I knows dey's grafters in dis room, an' I knows dey's moah ob ye guilty ob (*ALL commence to get uneasy, TAYLOR and SMITH getting very nervous*) perjury, larceny, and Lawd knows, I s'pect dar's some chicken thieves.

TAYLOR and SMITH (*jump quickly, with a groan*). Oh, Lawdy! (*Hastily EXIT D. R. C., without looking back. Everybody looks surprised*)

ADAMS (*triumphantly*). You can't mos' allus sometimes tell jes' where lightnin's gwine ter strike. (*Laughs*) Now once ag'in I hab positive proof dat dere are membahs guilty ob bribery.

PENN (*rises quickly*). Now you am talkin'. But de less you say on dat subjack de fewer words you'll hab to eat.

SMOKE (*aside*). Now watch, heah's wha' de joke comes in purty soon.

ADAMS (*quickly*). Ah, how 'bout dose "Extras," dose Brown vote getters?

PENN (*quickly*). Dey am only exceeded by those celebrated Hickory Splits.

SMOKE (*to audience*). Now watch me closely, heah's wha' de joke comes in. I takes de cigar from my pocket, so. (*Takes an "Extra" from pocket*) Den I say, "Smoke, hab a smoke." (*Starts to light*) All right, I will.

ADAMS (*up quickly*). Dar's de proof! (*Points to SMOKE*) Smoke, whar did yo' get dat "Extra?"

SMOKE (*laughs*). Why, dat's a joke. Jes' ax Mistah Selzer—den if you can't git it fro' youh brain-box, go up to his offis nex' Tuesday—an' see what you git.

ADAMS (*scratching head*). Nex' Tuesday? Why, dat's Election Day. Can't yo' see, gemmen, it's a plain case ob bribery. (*SMOKE has put the "Extra" back in pocket, and replaced it with a "Split," and starts to light*) I darfore demand dat our president be impeached on all de groun's aforementioned. (*SMOKE has lighted the "Split" and is puffing vigorously, blowing out clouds of smoke. ADAMS turns and sees SMOKE with "Split" in mouth*) Whew!

SMOKE (*grinning*). When yo' smell dat delicate arommy, I hopes you'll 'member de giver. Does yo' Adams?

PENN (*grinning*). You see, Adams, de smokes am now on you.

ADAMS (*puzzled*). I move dat dese charges be laid on de table, sine die.

ALL (*yell*). Second de motion!



ADAMS (*startled*). Seems to be anonymous!

SELZER. De charges am tabled. (*Rises. More music and cheers heard off L.*) Gemmen, dat outburst ob enthusiasmy outside am for de honorable Goodrich Brown, our nex' alderman. (*ALL cheer, except ADAMS*) Dis gemman is makin' speeches to-night around de ward, and he am comin' heah to speak to us. (*ADAMS looks up quickly*) Gemmen, will you receive him?

ALL (*rise, except ADAMS, cheer and answer*). Yes, sure we will. (*Chains rattle outside*)

SELZER. Worthy janitor, you will please 'tend de door. (*SMOKE opens D. L. BROWN ENTERS D. L., goes C., where he is met by SELZER*) De Lincoln League welcomes you, Mistah Brown. (*ALL cheer again. SELZER returns to seat*)

BROWN (C.). Gentlemen, I thank you for this ovation, for I feel that the Lincoln League occupies a position in local politics that must be candidly and decisively dealt with. If I am elected I promise you fair and impartial treatment. We need, more than ever, the square deal in this particular ward, and I shall fight for it through thick and thin. (*ALL cheer*) I have nothing more to offer, except that it is a pleasure for me to be here to-night by request of your honored president, who has informed me that it is also the anniversary of the League. Another thing that appeals especially to me, as well as to yourselves, is the fact that a grand "chicken-pie supper" is to follow this meeting, and that as I am the guest of honor I hope to do justice to that portion of the program. In closing, permit me to compliment your worthy president, and thank him for the many favors shown me by the Lincoln League. Gentlemen, I thank you. (*ALL cheer*)

SELZER (*going DOWN to C.*). Mistah Brown, although youse white, and ebberyone else am mighty brack around you, de color line is practicully 'lluminated. Dar's not eben de sign ob a yellow streak, am I right, Adams?

ADAMS (*looks up quickly on mention of name, seems to hesitate, then rises slowly*). Selzer, you knowed my weak spot when you rung in dat chicken-pie. I sholy can't resist dat. You gits my vote, Brown. (*ALL cheer. SELZER returns to seat*)

SMOKE (*looking around*). I guess ebberybody eats chicken-pie an' I don' git any punch in de jaw.

SELZER. Gemmen, dere bein' no funder bizness 'fore dis meetin' we will now perceed to close and retire to de dinin' room. We will conclude by singin' de closin' ode:—"Bake Dat Chicken Pie." (*Raps gavel, calls up members; all join in singing "Bake Dat Chicken Pie"*)

CURTAIN, at close of Chorus.

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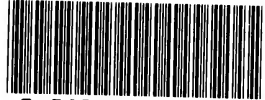
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